

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Pol. Give first admittance to th' embassadors,  
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tells me my decree : Gertrud he hath found  
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the maine,  
His fathers death, and our hasty mariage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sif him, welcome my good friends,  
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;  
Upon our first, he sent out to supprese  
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard  
To be a preparation gaint the Pollacke,  
But better lookt into, he truly found  
It was against your highnesse, whereat greeu'd  
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests  
On Fortenbrasse, which he in breefe obeys,  
Receiuers rebuke from Norway, and in fine,  
Makes vow before his Vnkle, neuer more  
To giue th' assay of Armes against your Maiestie:  
Whereon old Norway ouercome with ioy,  
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,  
And his commission to implore those souldiers,  
So leuied (as before) against the Pollacke,  
With an entreaty herein further shone,  
That it might please you to giue quiet passe  
Through your dominions for this enterprise  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,  
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,  
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:  
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,  
Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,  
Most welcome home, *Exeunt Embassadors.*

Pol. This busines is well ended,

My

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate  
What maiestie should be, what duety is,  
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waft night, day, and time,  
Therefore breuity is the soule of wit,  
And tediousnes the limmes and outward florishes:  
I will be breefe your noble sonne is mad :  
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,  
What ist but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that goe,

Queen. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I swere I vse no art at all,  
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pity,  
And pity tis, tis true, a foolish figure,  
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,  
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines  
That wee find out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say the cause of this defect  
For this effect defective comes by cause :  
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus  
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,  
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,  
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmisse,

To the Celestiall and my soules Idol, the most beau-  
tified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,  
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare : thus  
in her excellent white besome, these &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,  
Dont thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*  
Doubt that the Sunne doth moone,  
Doubt truth to be a lyer,  
But never doubt I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to re-  
cken my groanes, but that I loue thee best, Oh most best be-  
lieue it adew. Thine cuermore most deare Lady, whilst this  
machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shoun me, *(Hamlet,*  
And more about hath his solicitings

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